OCTOBER 1979

youth MAGAZINE

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A Look Inside Yourself!

inside youth

EXPRESS YOURSELF!

What turns you on?

That's a pretty open-ended question, and everyone has his or her own set of responses. But thanks to Creative Arts 1979, we at YOUTH Magazine feel we can make a good guess at what some of your answers are.

You're into nostalgia, memories of your grandparents, writing more eloquently about God, writing plays, questioning the morality of war (although you seem more interested in past wars than recent ones). You seem to be a little *less* interested in photography and artwork (or else you're just less interested in entering them in our contest).

We see these trends in what you submit to our annual contest, an gives us a valuable handle on wh you're at. We know you're fa nated with self-expression, j because we receive thousands entries each year. We think great.

We're concerned, though, t the number of art and photo entr have dropped this year. C'mon, you shutterbugs and artist-typ don't be so shy! Send in your w and possibly see it published 1980, just like the fine pho graphers and artists featured in t issue. If you've got it, flaunt it!

Many readers say this is th favorite issue every year. Once the tough work of judging is o the staff here often agrees. always appreciate the generous v you share your ideas and feeli through creative expression. O again, creative people, thanks being you!

Judith L. Pavlichk

youth magazine

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Preparations
WILMA A. GUILLIAMS

He takes up his pen,
Opens his dictionary
And turns over his poetic license.
He takes his instinct
From its hangar.
He takes out his encyclopedia
Of experience and removes
From its invisible shelf
His expanded vocabulary.
He glances out the window
To see if it's safe to begin.

No one's watching.

He takes his imagination
From its secret hiding place
And steps aboard his
Plane of thought.

It's good weather for writing.

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FRONT COVER:
REFLECTIONS
PHOTOGRAPH
CARLA COOK

Lisa
PEN AND INK
LISA GSTALDER

White Wicker
MARTHA ANN OVERLAND

I try to tell them
just before they walk through
my bedroom door.
"I am not a white wicker person."

They look at me
and peer into the finery and lace.
Then they look back at me.

I like to think of this wonderment
that they are taken up in:
The matched coverlet and flowered valances.
"a little girl's dream room"
that Better Homes and Gardens designs.

I kick my dirty clothes
behind the door.
My mud hiking boots drip
quietly onto the greying pink rug.
We both stare at the dead
hanging plant
[four years]
that sits sullenly over my bed.

"My mother wanted a rose pink girl,"
I explain, "So she painted my room."

ARCTIC FLIGHT
PEN AND INK
RAYMOND YU

)REAM
CE PETERSON

would ever think that I, Dan
ls, a senior from Stoughton,
be in the finals of the
eton tournament. But, of
e, I would have to wrestle last
119-pound champ, Glen
son, a junior from Coleman
s 20-0 and me with a lousy
l of 12-8.
member the time we wrestled
in the season, he mopped
) badly, throwing me on my
a couple of times and beating
to 2. Boy, what a disaster.
can't wait to get on the mat
me and beat him.
he 112-pound match is about
ver, I start to loosen up and
ally feeling good. As I look
s the huge gym, I can see Glen
ng up, too. He stands 5'11"
s very slim. He looks like a
fish and slow, but what I
nber of the last match, he was
akling because he was throw-
e all over the place and I was
e the next day. Fast is not the
for him, he is super quick.

All of a sudden the buzzer rings for the end of the second period and brings me back to my senses. My coach comes up and tells me some things to do to him. Then my dad comes over to me and loosens up my arms and legs and says, "Hey, remember the last match, this time you can beat him." Then he leaves and sits back down in the bleachers. With about a minute left in the 112 match I can feel the heat in the Middleton gym. I start to sweat. As I look at the bleachers I can see there is not an empty seat anywhere. There are some people standing around just to see the match. With all the bright lights and all the people, I can tell why it's so hot in here. With time running out, I am ready to go out on the mat.

All of a sudden the buzzer rings. I wait a little, then run out to the mat and Glen is already waiting for me. As I run on the mat I know I can beat him. The ref says, "Shake hands." As we shake hands the ref blows his whistle and we start. As we are

both looking for a move, Glen shoots in on me and I do not have enough time to react and he gets a 2-point take-down.

"Is he quick," I think to myself.

As he has control of me, I can feel he is getting high, so I hit him with a power switch. It works perfectly. So now the score is tied 2-2 with time running out in the first period and I'm in control.

As the buzzer rings I am gasping for some air and my mouth is dry. I look over at my coach who is saying, "You're doing a good job, keep it going."

Then the ref says, "Red has his choice, up or down?"

Since Stoughton's uniform is red with white stripes running down the side with STOUGHTON written in the front, I'm red. Glen has a green-colored uniform with white stripes down the side and COLEMAN written in front. He is green.

I look at the ref and point my thumb up, indicating I want the up position, because I know I can control him. Then going into the third period it is still 2-2, unless I turn him on his back.

Glen is ready and I get in my referee's position on top of him. The ref blows his whistle and that is the beginning of the second period. About half way through I make a mental error. Glen is doing a series of moves to get away from me. He would have gotten away but I lock my hands and the ref catches me. The ref stops the match and awards 1 point to Glen for my illegal move. In the rest of the period nothing happens, so the score is 3 to 2; Glen is leading.

"I've got to move," I thi myself. "I've got to get away him and gain control of the ma

As I put my knees on one lin my hands on the other line are about one foot apart, th says, "Are you ready?"

I nod my head, then Glen ge top of me and the ref blow whistle. The first thing I do switch. Glen reswitches me and has control, then I hit a sit-out and he stays right behi and we go out of bounds and t stops the match.

As I get up I look at the cloc there is 1:34 left. When w ready, the ref's whistle blows try a stand up and I feel that too far behind me. I claw aw his hands, they come loose a free. Now the score is 3 to 3. time running out, I'm lo desperately for a take-down. no move in sight, we mar around each other hoping son will make a mistake. As I gra head I can see my move, the lock. It is kind of a dangerous if he reacts to it. I lock my around his head and his right hesitate for a second to tight grip. I turn my body so his sto is on my back and start to him. Half way through the m feel his body go limp, a p counter for the head lock. A sudden my body hits the mat, can feel Glen land right on me.

"Two, take-down," the ref as the buzzer rings, endin match and my dreams of be champ.

Math
JULIA GARBUS

If you would seek security
A math class is the place
Roped in one's seat, eyes on the board
A regimented space.

No room to talk, no room to feel
(Well, only in your mind)
Those numbered words can never heal
But they can numb you'll find.

For fifty minutes in a day
A slightly different path
What is inside won't go away
But outside, there is Math.

Untitled
PEN AND INK
KATHY de FUNIAK

GRANDMA
PHOTOGRAPH
SANDRA TENNYSON

The Old Porch Swing

BRUCE LONG

Paint peels off the old
porch swing sitting
in the summer sun.
Fall beat it
with dead leaves and wind.
The Winter packed
heavy snow and ice.
Spring poured into its cracks.
Now it hangs motionless,
not even enough air
to make the rusty hooks squeal.
It has seen better days.
Remember Great Aunt Hannah
who rocked summer nights away?
Too hot to do anything else.
She watched the fireflies
over the black lake.
Here the boyfriends
of my freckled sister
gave their last tender
kisses of the night.
Mother sat there to read
long books with little words
and no pictures.
I played games
with my friends and
pinched my fingers
between the chain links.
When Grandpa died, Father
told me on the swing.
I remember crying
on the wood-slatted seat.
Now the paint is peeling.

To Jennifer: Wherever You Are
GEORGIA SUE HALL

We were at the zoo,
when the lion
must have scared you,
and the string slipped
from around your finger
as I caught a swirl of wind.
I left you there crying.
My string-tail acknowledges
your outstretched hand,
waving
good-
bye.

Future Photograph
LOWELL HALVO

Grampa
MELANIE KENNEDY

Grampa,
Where are you now?
Is it far,
To where you are?

I feel you're watching me
I know I'm not wrong.
Yet when I feel your face behind me,
I turn
And you are gone.

What's it like,
To lie in a coffin?
Cold and Dark?
Is it like the bottom of the sea?
You'll never know,
Grampa,
'Cause you're inside of me.

yo Parts Love

ATRICIA LYNN LIEFERT

e Bible says that we are sup-sed to be like little children, on assumption that little children innocent and generous with ir love for others. Everytime I ır that, I think back to my own ldhood.

grew up in a small town in Iowa. as a homely little girl and I didn't e too many friends. There was e boy who was always faithfully ny side, however. His name was bby Brennan. I always think of bby when our reverend speaks of ldhood innocence, because bby was the most unaffected, ious child whom I have ever wn. Bobby was intrigued by rything he saw, heard or felt, ngs which I took for granted. In lity, Bobby was an everlasting ld. The sad fact was that he n't choose to be that way; he s mentally retarded.

remember Bobby running to my e one day. "Bridie," he said, "I something to show you." I knew n experience that if I followed him, it would mean running for miles to see a simple insect, or some such thing, but I went anyway. "O.K.," I said, and he started running through the field behind our church. As he ran, he said over and over again, "It's beautiful, Bridie." I was ten at the time, and I believe he was 14, although I never really knew his real age.

Sure enough, when I had followed him through a meadow, crossed Beckin's Stream, and gotten thoroughly exhausted, I found Bobby's treasure—a big patch of wild dandelions.

"Isn't it beautiful?" he asked. "It's all yellow and there are lots of flowers."

"Yes, it is," I said, and then added, slightly perturbed, "I'm not blind, you know." I didn't have any time to think about dandelions; my mind was cluttered with my upcoming math test and whether or not I was going to have to get braces. "I've got to go," I said, "I'll

be late to school."

I started walking back towards school, and, as usual, Bobby was right behind me. "Bridie," he said, "what are dandelions made of?"

"Two parts love and one part gold," I said, adapting a saying which hung on our kitchen wall.

"Well, who made them?" he asked next.

"God," I replied.

"Does God make everything out of love and gold?" he asked.

"Sure," I said, although I was anything but sure. I had learned long ago that if Bobby didn't get a satisfactory answer to a question, he would interrogate you all day, so lately I had begun to make things up, to spare myself his questions.

We finally reached the school house door. "Bye, Bridie," he said.

"Bye, Bobby," I replied.

When I came out of the school to eat my lunch at noon, I was surprised to see that Bobby was still there. "Bob," I said, "have you been here all morning?"

"Yes," he said, "I was studying the ants. They're neat and small. Do you think there is anything in the world smaller than ants?" he asked.

"Sure," I replied.

"What?" he asked.

"I'll tell you after school," I said.

There are times when I think that little children don't display their grace as much as they should, especially after what happened next. Maybe the Bible wasn't taking into account such persons as Lane and David Bryant.

Lane and David were twin brothers and both were in my class. I was halfway through my peanut butter and jelly sandwich when came strutting over from the side of the playground.

"Well, four-eyes," they sa me, "it looks like you got yours boyfriend. Too bad he's a ret They burst out laughing. I ign them, as was my usual. "Hey, what are you looking at there?" Lane asked Bobby.

Bobby looked up. "Ants, said.

Then David said, "You must a lot in common with them. Yo have the same I.Q."

Luckily, Bobby didn't know an I.Q. was. "Hey," said D "what do you got there?" pointed to a dandelion stickin of Bobby's pocket, which I h noticed.

"Oh, I forgot," Bobby "that's for Bridie," and he ha me the flower.

"Oh," said David, in a sacch voice, "isn't that sweet?"

"It's made out of love and g Bobby informed them.

The two boys laughed. "Wh you know, you mental retard?" said. "That isn't made out of

"Yes, it is," Bobby replied, a shaken up.

Dave grabbed the flower o my hands. "Well, if that's love said, "watch me crush it."

Bobby ran home crying. "W you goons leave me alone asked. They laughed and w off.

I didn't see Bobby for the r that week. I went to his house school one day to make sure th wasn't sick. "Is Bobby ther asked his mother at the

," she replied, "but he doesn't to come out." She wouldn't me anymore, so I started to home.

ook a shortcut home by walking nd their house through their yard. As I passed Bobby's ouse, I heard a funny noise ng out of it. "Pesst, Bridie," y's voice said, "come here."

limbed into the little wooden ture which most of the kids d a "bushhouse" since it was e lowest limb of the tree, only a off of the ground. Bobby was g inside, looking miserable.

obby," I asked, "where have been? I haven't seen you out ng with that bird by the creek, ting under that big elm tree in neadow."

was afraid," he said.

"Afraid of what?" I asked incredulously.

"Well, didn't you say that everything was made of love?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, getting uncomfortable about making things up.

"Even the creek and the elm tree and you?" he asked.

"Sure," I said.

"Well, I was afraid Lane and David would come and crush you."

"So, that's why you're hiding in here," I laughed. "Don't worry. Nothing can crush love, especially hate, which is all that Lane and David have."

The worried look on Bobby's face vanished, and a bright smile appeared like a rainbow after a storm. "Bridie," he said, "I've got something to show you!" □

Moving In Stereo

LAURA WROCKLAGE

Being a person is like
listening to music on earphones

The music you hear is so
consuming and overwhelming
it's hard to realize all those
sitting around you can't hear it.

You're afraid you might slip
and suddenly sing out
that would be so embarrassing
They'd all turn and stare
they can't understand how
the music fills you.

Disco
PENCIL
DEEDRA HUMISTON

Miracle
JERALD THOMPSON

Can't help but dream
long kaleidoscope dreams
for I am searching for
a miracle.
Can't help but sing
long mouth watering songs
for I am searching for
a joy.
Can't help but cry
long icecube tears
for I am searching for
a warmth.
Can't help but laugh at
long belly jumping jokes
for I am searching for
a friend.
Can't help but wish
long night and day wishes
for I am searching for
you.

IR
-SYN LEE

ng, Straight,
black.

why the close crop and chemical curls?
e a nude duck I felt.
owing it out, growing me up
kes painful time, but
elps to know
ck doesn't dye blond.

UMMER'S DAY
TOGRAPH
OMAS HESS

JUNE BUGS
RINNE GREINER

1

sun had not yet risen, and the ripening grapes hung heavily he vines. The vineyard was a mosaic of ethereal, silver shadows and black umbrae. h the morning light came over mountain, the grapes basked in un's rich warmth and matured bursting purple. Greedy bees med lazily above the vineyard. he grapes seasoned, the bees' ning increased; the insects ed on the juice that erupted gh cracks in the overripe s' tight skins. The air, redolent e grapes' sweet aroma, was , heavy, and almost tangible. e morning light illuminated the stooped figures of the vinedressers. Their faces shadowed by drooping straw hats, they moved slowly among the rows and terraces of vines. The vineyardist, normally a dour and unsparing man, sat atop his overseer's chair with a lethargic slump to his shoulders. His usually assiduous mouth was silent. The heavy, intoxicating air stilled his harsh mouth and smothered his active tongue. All was quiet in the vineyard, save for the hypnotic droning of the gluttonous bees.

2

It was night. Ilona had come down from the Cortina vinery to the bonfire. The fire cast a flickering,

ephemeral light over the vineyard. For awhile she stood silently at the outskirts of the fire's light and watched her elders build up the blaze. A hand touched her shoulder. "Antoine," she said.

"Come to the fire," he said.

"No. I am with the children tonight. Mama Cortina said I was to supervise the June bugs."

"You are 16," he said. "Almost a woman. Too old to watch children catching bugs. Get Katrin to watch the children. Come to the fire."

She shook her head negatively. "Go." He left her.

The children were aimlessly screwing and unscrewing the bottle tops of the jars. None of them looked up when Ilona came and stood above them, her hands on her hips. "Are you ready?" she asked.

"Balbo already started," a small, dark-eyed girl whined accusingly. "But I took his jar away. He got two bugs. Mama sent him back to La Castagna."

Ilona frowned, sucking in her breath disapprovingly, but then smiled as the sweet, grape-scented air filled her lungs. "Get him," she commanded. "It is the first night. No child misses the first night. Go to La Castagna and get him. Run! We will wait." She sat on the small strip of grass that ran between two fine rows and drew her knees up to her chin. Jofre came up to her and silently outstretched his arms to give her the largest and most coveted jar. "No," she protested, "I am too old. I will just watch." He looked at her quietly. "All right, all right." She took the jar. "But this is the last time. No more. I am not a baby any longer." She ran finger, stained purple from day's picking, along the j smooth edge. The small girl app ed with tear-stained Balbo by side. "It is all right," Ilona said Balbo. "Get a jar." All of children picked up their jars rose from the grass. "Come on we wait too long they will all gone. You know the time must right." The children followed down the vine rows to the m terrace. The adults' drunken lau ter disturbed the children's ligious silence. Father Cava stood, looking down at them, fr the terrace above. He had a glass wine in each hand. "Are ready?" he bawled noisily to children.

"Yes," Ilona said.

"That is good," he assert "Everything is good. The vinosit excellent. Children should c brate, too." The adults nodded agreement, their furrowed fa wrinkling with smiles. The child stood quietly with upturned fac looking at the flaming bonfire the drunken adults above th They did not smile.

"Ah!" Mrs. Cortina sighed. them begin. Children should have to listen to your boastin She laughed like a snorting ho her effete figure jiggling absurdl the firelight. Her body, burde with the pregnancy of her te child, was bent like an unrestrai sapling. "Begin! Begin!" she ca out to the children. The ad watched while the children exci ly unscrewed the tops to their j then, losing interest, they tu

eir backs on the children and ced the fire and the butts of wine. llona sucked in her breath citedly. Her head reeled. Her ngue tingled and felt heavy, yet e had not had any wine to drink ce noon. The children impatient- waited for her cue. "Remember," e couldn't help but say, "this is t just a game. The June bug vae eat the grape vine roots. You st catch as many bugs as you n." The children listened obedi- tly to her, although they had ard her admonition many times

> he bees' humming ncreased; the air, edolent of the rapes' sweet roma, was thick, most tangible.

fore. "All right," she said, "start stamping."

The children began to jump up d down on the ground. There was ushed moment of silence before sleeping bugs began their gry, indignant buzzing. "Harder!" ma said. The children increased frequency of their sporadic ps in the grass. The first large g rose, whirring, into the air. A ld ran forth, his jar opened, but bug rose above him. "You'll ve to stamp more," Ilona warned, else they will just crawl away in the grass. You must make them fly." The children joined hands and bounced in a crazy salutation. The bugs ascended from the grass, their wings rubbing in irritation.

"Run!" Ilona yelled. "Catch them!" The children ran frantically, bumping dizzily into each other, holding their jars downward so that the bugs would be trapped in the glass. It did not take Ilona long to catch a full jar of the brown, shiny beetles. Because she was taller than the children, she captured the beetles that escaped and rose above their outstretched hands. She sat quietly, watching the children perform their erratic dance. The firelight lit the gleaming backs of the beetles but did not illuminate their wings. The uncaptured beetles rose above the fire's limited circle of light and into the darkness. After awhile, only one or two beetles rose from the grass. The children screwed the tops on their jars and held them up to the light, comparing the number of beetles in each jar.

"Time to go," Ilona said. "It was good for the first night." The children followed her up to the bonfire. The adults were sitting in a tight circle around the fire.

"You get many?" Mama Cortina asked in a slurred voice.

"Yes," Ilona answered. "It was a good night."

"Sleep with the children tonight," Mama Cortina said. "There is an extra pallet now that Antoine sleeps with the men."

"Why? Why must I sleep with the children?"

"I am tired tonight. Their noises bother me. And I have to get up

before the sun to feed the chickens. Go! You can enjoy the sangria some other night."

Ilona trudged up to the main worker's house behind the vinery, the children still following her in a winding line. The sleeping room was dark and shadowed. Ilona did not light a candle. The children put their buzzing jars by their pillows. "Good night," she said. The children answered, yet they did not turn their faces from the jars to look at her. The room hummed contentedly with the trapped beetles.

3

The sun had not yet risen when Ilona heard noises outside of the glassless window. She rose and brushed her hair as she walked to the window. Her hair hung long in thick, viny cords and her cheeks were stained a winey red from sleep. The children's jars of beetles were gone, yet their faces were still turned toward the places where the jars had stood. Ilona smiled to herself. She could remember a time when she, too, had fallen asleep to the rhythm of the June bugs' buzzing. She looked out the window and down into the courtyard. Mrs. Cortina was holding Ilona's jar in her hand, and she was throwing the dead June bugs to the squawking chickens. The chickens pecked greedily at the inanimate bugs, their scrawny necks darting quickly down to rip apart the insects. The wings of the bugs littered t courtyard—they were too hard the chickens to consume. T morning sun's light slowly began lighten the courtyard. It illuminat Mrs. Cortina's haggard face a enlightened the deep wrinkles th furrowed her neck.

Ilona turned away from t window, dropping her brush in h haste. Balbo awoke. He stumbl sleepily over to the window. "Wh were you looking at?" he wh pered. He elevated himself on h tiptoes and tried to peer over h shoulder. Ilona moved her body that it blocked the window and sh out the light that was comi through.

"Nothing," she said. "Nothing

"The bugs are gone," Balbo sa as he looked around the roo "Why won't Mama Cortina tell where they go?"

"I don't know. Go back to sleep

"It was good last night," whispered happily as he climb onto his pallet, "wasn't it?"

Ilona nodded. "Yes," she agree "It was very good."

Balbo smiled at her. "You a coming tonight, yes?" he asked.

"No," she said. "I can't."

"Why? It was good last night."

"I know," she answered, know." She put her fingertips Balbo's eyelids to close them. just can't." The chickens, full wi their morning meal, were sile The boy slept.

FONIADAE VULGARIS
OTOGRAPH
NE VINCENT

GOD
PATTI TUCKER

The rain glistened on the window.
The sun shone through the drops and
cast a rainbow on my floor.
The warmth
of the day
refreshed me.
The wind talked,
While I listened and I knew
I wasn't alone.

Moment Of Solitude
TAGLIO PRINT
YNN LINTON

rst Snow
LAN ZIMMERMAN

ain she thought about that night her room. "I don't know where I'm ing," her mother had whispered her ear. "But when I find a job d settle down, I'll come and get u. All right, honey?"

When Mary awoke the next rning she wasn't sure what had en real and what had been a am. She ran into her parents' droom. Her father was going ough her mother's drawers like a ef, throwing clothes onto the or. Mary's heart pounded in her oat as she sat on the edge of her ther's side of the bed.

"Only the good stuff," he had id. "She only took the good uff!" He clutched a blue night-wn and shook it at Mary. "I bought her this for our anniversary! That bitch!"

Mary threw herself onto her stomach and cried. Her father stepped closer and leaned over. "You don't suppose your dear mother took all her good stuff and went to the laundry, do you?" Mary screamed into the mattress.

That was two months ago and maybe she hadn't found a job yet. Or a place. Jobs aren't easy to find, and neither are cheap apartments. Things take time. The poster on her wall with the cliffs and waterfall says it in large, black letters: THINGS TAKE TIME. She'd probably come driving up the street any day now. Probably later today, in fact. Or tomorrow. Tomorrow at the

latest.

She looked across the table where her father sat. His unbuttoned denim shirt revealed a crescent-shaped birthmark ringed by thin black hairs.

A smile of foam glistened between his lips. A tiny puddle of beer had formed in both corners of his mouth, and a drop from each side began its slide down his chin.

Mary watched him. Her eyes widened, then they glared. Pig, she thought. I'm your daughter. . . a pig! A drop of beer hit the floor like spit.

In the center of the kitchen stood a small square table. Around it were four bridge chairs, the ones her mother had bought at the church's annual rummage sale. The table was covered with last week's newspapers and directly above glowed a 100-watt bulb. In the thin light, the whitewash on the walls looked glossy and the newspaper on the table seemed almost florescent.

She could have cried. She could have cried at any moment during the last two months. French was the hardest class to get through, she didn't know why. She would watch the clock and fight the tears. Sometimes, when she realized that she couldn't make it, she'd thrust her hand over her head and wiggle her fingers. Mr. Romano with the red hair in his nose and ears would see her and nod his head. Mary would get up and walk slowly toward the door, watching her feet step in and out of the black and yellow tiles.

The bathroom was down the hall past a dozen closed doors on both sides. She would walk with her head still down, hoping that no c she knew—especially someone s liked—would step suddenly out o classroom and ask her where s was going, what she was doi after school, or why she had been to the Pizza Palace lately.

But she had been lucky so far. lucky, in fact, that every time s had needed to leave class, t bathroom had been empty.

Once in the bathroom, she'd lo herself in the end stall and pre her hands to her face.

Mary looked down from t kitchen table. Her feet were ba and ten toes stared back at h rudely. "Ugly stumps," was wh her father called them. They ha always caused her embarrassme on the beach or in the locker roo but lately she would skip gym c account of them. They were skinn and curved and bunched togeth like miniature deformed banana changing size but not shape fro small toe to large. From differe distances and angles their appea ance varied slightly. From her crushed cigarette butts, from the shriveled elbow macaronis. But o thing remained the same—Ma hated her toes.

She looked at her father.

"Dad, could you listen for minute?"

He looked up and tilted the c back for another drink.

"I am listening, girl. Just becau I'm swallowing doesn't mean I ca listen."

Mary's eyes again widened a her head leaned forward.

"I need—"

Her father got up abruptly a

baded across the room.

"Dad..."

He leaned over and spit a outhful into the sink.

"'Cuse me," he said, wiping his louth with a dish towel. "Now nish what you were saying. Go head, the fuzz just tickled my ose."

Everything was so difficult now. hy did he make it even more ifficult? They used to care about ach other. She remembered that he Saturday night a couple of onths ago, a boy she really liked

Mary watched er legs swing back and forth, ust like the egs of a eflated doll.

ncelled their date half an hour efore he was supposed to pick her o. Her parents had tickets for a rank Sinatra concert that evening; er father had bought them six onths before. But now her father ld her that he wasn't feeling well nd she should go the concert with er mother. Mary knew he was just aying that so she told him to go; he knew how much he loved Frank inatra. He had waited in line four ours for the tickets, and he owned very one of his albums. But he aid no, positively no, he wasn't going, he'd just get more sick if he went out. If she didn't go, he said, the ticket would be wasted. She went and he watched television.

Mary breathed deep and released it slowly.

"I need to talk with you..." she said, her voice trailing off. "Just for a little while," she said quietly.

"What's wrong?"

"John Fitch asked me away this weekend."

"What's the problem? Isn't he paying? I used to pay for the whore."

"Dad..."

Her father narrowed his eyes.

"You mean he's not paying? Why that..."

"No, Dad!" Mary shut her eyes hard and opened them. "That's not what I meant."

"Don't raise your voice to me!"

"Sorry. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. It's just when you talk about Mom like that."

"My mom's dead," he said.

"*My* mom. *Your* wife."

"Wife's dead too."

"Dad..."

"She got sick and she died."

"No, Dad!"

"No use talking about it, Dorothy. She's dead. Dead."

"She's not dead and I'm not Dorothy. I'm Mary, your daughter. Your wife is Dorothy. She left you."

He looked at her and ran his tongue over his bottom lip. He turned his eyes to the ceiling.

"I'm sorry," Mary said.

She studied her father's face. His features seemed to have been carved from brilliant ivory in the hard white light. His nose looked

sharp and thin enough to pierce paper. His lips were thin and tight and pale, and his eyes looked grey and stony.

Sitting across the table from Mary was a stranger. He was an old stranger, and he appeared about to cry. He dropped his head suddenly and caught Mary's stare, then looked down at his plate.

"I'm sorry, Dad. It's not...I'm sorry."

He picked up his pork chop and tore off a strip of gristle with his teeth.

"Best part," he said softly.

Mary looked down. She began moving the peas across her plate, one by one. They were the large kind and Mary only liked the baby peas. Her mother used to buy them.

She dropped her fork onto the folded piece of paper towel. She pushed back her chair and slumped into it. As her lap disappeared Mary watched her legs swing back and forth, like the legs of a deflated doll. She pinched her arm and waited for the hiss. But instead her father's voice reached her.

"What's the matter?"

Mary heard the question as belonging to another time. The time was not long ago. She'd heard it often through her bedroom wall at night. Most of the time silence would follow the question, then the voice again, louder and more insistent, then more silence. Other times crying would follow and Mary would cry along with her mother. She felt like crying right now.

"Excuse me," she said, rising.

"Where you going?"

"Other room."

"You're not done."

Mary turned and began walk
away. The sink to her left was full
dishes and TV dinner tins, and
the dish rack next to the sink w
piled empty beer bottles and t
half-gallon gin jugs.

"You're not done!" he repeate
"Look at those peas!"

She continued walking.

"Finish your peas!"

Mary ran out of the kitchen a
into the living room. She walked
the large picture window. She h
spent much time lately gazing o
that window.

She could not talk to othe
about her mother. She would n
admit to herself what had ha
pened.

The branches on the elm in t
front yard were bare and the mud
the base of the tree was frozen.
Y-shaped twig was half-buried
the hardened mud. The low oran
sun seemed larger than usual. T
shingles on the houses across t
street were glittering like sun
water.

She sat in the tall, hard-back
chair that faced the window. s
lifted her legs and rested her hee
on the window sill. The wood w
cool and felt good against her ski

A small brown squirrel bound
across the lawn and disappear
around the house. The sun glared
her eyes as if the window betwe
them were a magnifying glas
Mary stared back at the setting s
until her eyes burned and press
her soles and toes to the cold glas
She looked at her toes.

Mary heard a patter like rain a
looked out the window. She saw t

me squirrel running toward the n. It stopped under the branches d turned its head from side to le. Then the squirrel ran around e trunk in little hops until it stood its original place. It repeated the ad motions and scampered up e tree.

Going out with her friends had come impossible. After school e'd walk home quickly with her ad down and lock herself in her om. There she'd lie on her back til supper, then eat quickly and back upstairs. Each night she'd

> he hated her ather and could ot explain her nother. Or was the other ay around?

l asleep with a book and her asses beside her.

Even Jane Perkins had ceased king, "Is there something wrong? u can tell *me*." Mary could do no ore than shake her head and turn ay, mumbling an excuse. She ted her father and could not plain her mother. Or was it the her way around? She couldn't gin to explain herself.

The sun was nearly gone. Only a in orange peel remained. Like a ckle it sliced into the earth. Her es shifted. Ten monstrous toes filled the window. She quickly looked beyond them.

Her mother had always bought her books—the expensive hardbacks. "With these," she had said as she handed her daughter another stack, "you will never be absolutely, positively, alone." She had believed her mother. Mary's bedroom bureau was piled high with books on all subjects. Her mother had even given her two copies of several editions. "My special jewels," she had called these. They were, among others, books of poetry by Emily Dickinson, Joyce Carol Oates, and Ruth Whitman; the complete diaries of Anais Nin; and the complete writings of Virginia Woolf, Dorothy Wordsworth, and George Eliot. "You should always have at least two of these," she had told Mary, "in case you lose one."

The street light in front of her house came on and cast its pale yellow glow over the front lawn, the elm, and Mary's face.

She could not remember the title of a single one of her books. It was nearly dark and the glass against her feet was ice cold. She pressed her soles harder against the glass until her feet ached and then numbed. Mary felt an icy pulsation dart up her spine, and then down. She shivered and shut her eyes.

Snow, she thought. Tonight, please God, snow! □

Prints And Drawings
A PORTFOLIO BY
JILL M. WALZ

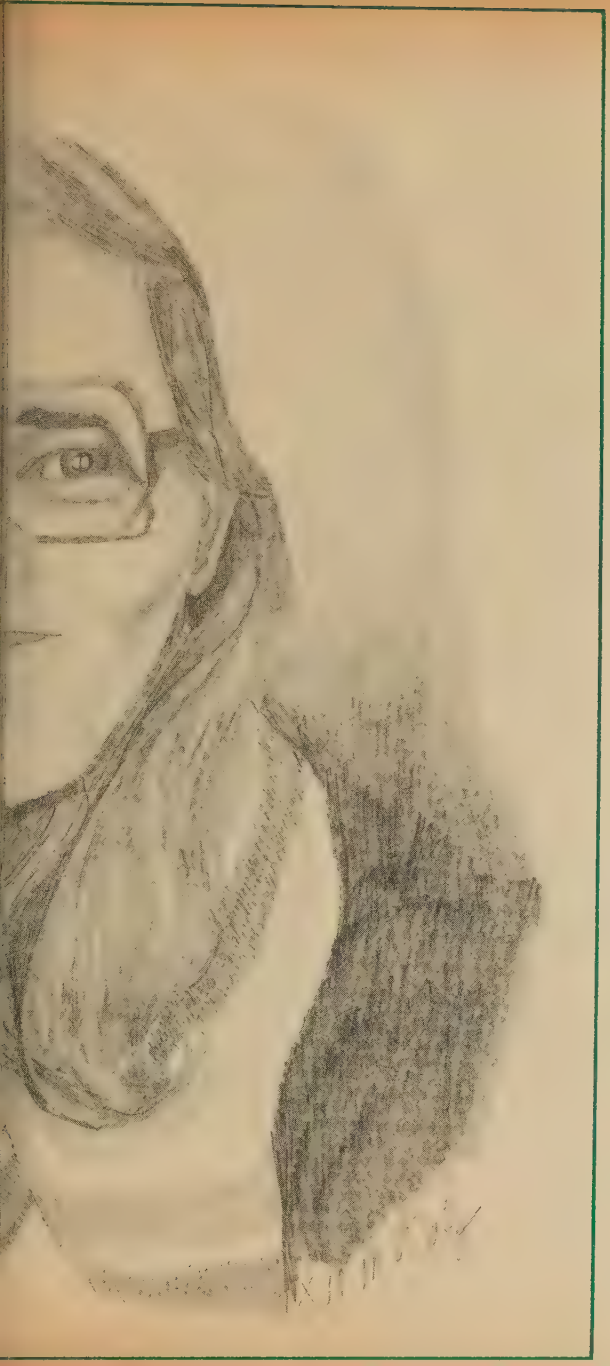
This is a portfolio by a very special someone. Since 1975, Jill Walz of Quincy, IL, has been a Creative Arts winner. But what has endeared her to us goes beyond her consistent winning—it's in the spirit of her work.

Jill's art sometimes has taken great flights of fancy, and other times reflected everyday imag Always, though, it shows warm humor and a zest for life. We f she's truly shared herself with u

Now that she's 20, and too old enter any future contests, we wa to salute Jill and her work. Go luck, Jill—and thanks!

DRY POINT DRAWING

LITHOGR



PENCIL DRAWING
JILL M. WALZ

PENCIL DRAWING

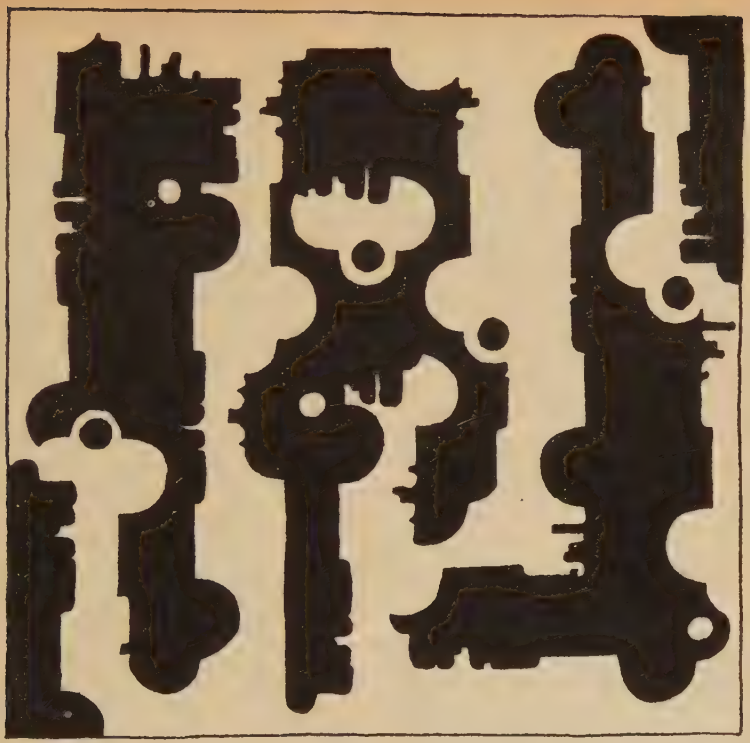
SILKSCR

JILL M. WALZ

To My Mother Who Has Said Tell Me How You Feel

LAURA KORTZ

Though i am screaming
you ask me to speak to you
i tell you to listen
i am as dark and somber as the night
hiding behind a myriad of books, magazines and
countless thoughts
scattered throughout my life on paper
i must seem stone gelid cold to you
but what really bothers you, and i could venture so far as to
say disappoints
are your suspicions that i've given my feelings to another
be in Peace dearest mother
you must know that just as gay bright blooming spring exists
so too happens autumn
as i exist
i am autumn
me that perhaps you love and do not understand
i love you but there are knots inside me that have not yet
been untied and my soul is not free to flit about
so i have no affections
i love you mother but i cannot talk cannot talk talk
please forgive me.



UNLOCKING THE FUTURE
FELT PEN
KATHERINE SMITH

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY
ANNE NEDLIK

Brownwood, Tex; December, 1944. A long wooden bench is positioned stage left in front of a wooden backdrop painted with a bus depot and a barber shop. Grat, an old man wearing western clothes, a cowboy hat on his long, scraggily hair, is seated on the bench. Graham Arly, a young soldier from Camp Bowie, enters stage right. He is dusty and sunburnt, wearing O.D.'s, overseas cap, and combat boots. He hurries to center stage, looks at his watch, then down the road [*stage left*].

Grat: Hey son, there's room to sit down here.

Arly: (*startled*) Huh? (*looks back at the bench*)

Grat: Don't be shy, son. Come sit down, it's too damn hot to move

around like that.

Arly: Yes, Sir. (*he sits down at the bench*)

Grat: What are you waitin' for son, the bus?

Arly: No sir, I'm not.

Grat: Well let's see, no bus, huh? Then it must be a woman. That's only thing I can think of worth venturing into this heat for. Yes sir! I'll admit, that's what I'm here for. Never too old. You up here from Camp Bowie, son?

Arly: (*hesitates*) Yes sir, I am.

Grat: Kinda stupid question, huh? It's too far a walk from France! (*laughs, slaps his knee*) I'll tell you, I'm glad to have some company. Fine company it is, too, young man, servin' his country. My name's Grat, son. (*holds out his hand*)

Arly: Nice to meet you. (*they shake; Grat looks at him waiting; Arly looks up*) Oh! My name's Arly. Graham Arly. (*he laughs nervously*)

Grat: It does me good to meet a soldier. Kinda makes me feel safe. You boys are doing a fine job. Won't be too much longer in Europe, I'll wager, but the Japs... (*he spits*). If it ain't one thing it's another. But we'll whoop 'em. Isn't that right, son?

Arly: (*keeps his head down, his voice low*) Uh, yes sir.

Grat: For Pete's sake, kid, loosen up. I'm a harmless old coot!

Arly: I...uh...I didn't mean anything, sir.

Grat: Of course not, Arly. Well, I can see you've got loads on your mind, but I'm not gonna let a chance to jabber someone's ear off slip through my fingers. (*he waves them in front of himself*)

Arly: No sir! (*they laugh together*)

Grat: Well, that's better. She must be some dish!

Arly: Pardon me?

Grat: Your girl, she must be a rea looker for you to be in such a state I know how it is, even myself—ve that I am—I get myself all in a dither. It's ridiculous. I come into town every Saturday, get a shave and haircut to have dinner with the widow. Really stupid. I smell six days of the week and I'm happy. Bu women'll do that to you. I go through so much trouble for tha dame. I sure won't marry her though. No, sir, they're real swee and pretty when you're courtin' 'em but marry one and you can't smoke or drink or chew in the house. Rea mess, Y'know? You gotta girl, Arly'

Arly: (*startled, and jumps*) Huh'

Grat: I said, you gotta girl?

Arly: Oh, yeah, back home.

Grat: So this one's just a side light?

Arly: What...I don't...

Grat: Listen, son, am I keepin' you from somethin'?

Arly: No sir, I've got a long wait Why do you ask?

Grat: You're so jumpy. Look lik you're waitin' for somethin' big Don't be so nervous.

Arly: Oh. I'm fine...sorry I...

Grat: No, no, don't apologize. I'm a real fool, babblin' away. Nobod can get a word in with me. I must b boring you silly.

Arly: No, sir, you're not.

Grat: Well then let's talk abou you. Whereabouts are you from?

Arly: I'm from Ohio. Ada, Ohio Near Toledo.

Grat: Ada, huh? That's a pret

name. Think I knew a girl called Ada, or Eva...I'm not sure. Me, I'm from South Carolina...I *was* from South Carolina.

Arly: (*leans forward*) Oh? What port?

Grat: It's a real dingy town on the border, called Coupens. How's that for ugly? Coupens—sounds like a bad joke, hurts like someone put a fork in your ear!

Arly: Why'd you leave?

Grat: Why? Man, that town was as ugly as the name. I came out here to be a cowboy. Done pretty

"Most of the guys believe there are times when you've got to fight in a war, but I can't kill a man."

good for myself, though now it's gettin' pretty tough, I'm slowin' down. I just do some ranch work now. What'd you do before you enlisted?

Arly: I didn't enlist, I was drafted. I was in Capital, that's a school. (*his voice is low and bitter*)

Grat: Well, I wouldn't have enlisted, give up all that fun, either, but don't you think you're old enough to do something for your country? How old are you anyway?

Arly: I'm 21.

Grat: Guess you didn't want to fight for your country. (*Arly's head jerks up*) Had you figured for another type. (*Arly gets up to leave*) I didn't think you were that smart.

Arly: Huh?

Grat: I said I didn't think you were that smart. All those patriotic fools fallin' all over themselves to enlist. Such a damn hurry to fight. They get too many little boys out there. All these sheep run off and join the army. Stupid, and war's stupid, too, but it's necessary. But those fools ...I guess I was a fool, too. In World War I, I was gonna be a big hero—'the war to end all wars'. I enlisted when I couldn't think for myself. I'm glad to see you have some sense, you think for yourself, huh?

Arly: I was gonna enlist, but I couldn't. I'm not afraid, really. I just know that I can't kill anyone.

Grat: That sounds like every other boy I've talked to. All men are afraid, Arly. You just have to learn to handle it.

Arly: But it isn't fear! It's more than that. I just can't do it. It's wrong, I know it. Nothing will change my mind!

Grat: So what are you gonna do about it?

Arly: (*hesitates*) I'm gonna...I don't know.

Grat: Well, just so you don't try something foolish, son. You'll get yourself in a heap of trouble. (*he rubs back his hair, wipes sweat from his eyes*) So...tell me about your girl, Arly.

Arly: (*twisting his cap in his hands*) Well...her name is Pauline. Uh...she's 19...

Grat: 'Bout how long you been

here?

Arly: I...I've been in boot camp ten weeks.

Grat: Well, son, those are the hardest. It won't be so bad, you'll get used to it. Just try to calm down. Soon it'll be over.

Arly: That's what I'm afraid of. I'm not gonna be able to kill anyone.

Grat: You always felt this way? You Mormon or a Quaker or somethin'?

Arly: No, I'm not. But I've always been like this. I don't even like to hunt. But to have to kill a man.

Grat: I think I understand how you feel, but you don't have any stupid plans, do ya?

Arly: No...I don't.

Grat: That's good, let me see your pass.

Arly: What? Why?!!

Grat: Because I don't believe you'd be wastin' your time settin' here listenin' to some old goat.

Arly: I have one, here. (*hands him a crumpled card*)

Grat: Says here you gotta be back at three. You only have an hour left. So why you wastin' it?

Arly: I...I'm just waitin' for something.

Grat: Yeah, and it ain't no woman. Sounds like it might be a bus. Listen son, I hope you've given this a lot of thought.

Arly: Ever since I got my draft notice. I've given it a lot of thought all right. And I'm going through with it!

Grat: Well, how 'bout tryin' out your plan on me. You gonna go to Dallas, or what?

Arly: Yeah, on the next bus, if the M.P.'s don't get me. Then I'll find my way home from there. I jus gotta get out of here!

Grat: Arly, I know that everythin looks worse on this kind of day. Bu tomorrow, it'll be cooler, you head'll be clearer. You won't be s fast to jump at a wild plan. Wh don't you give yourself time?

Arly: I've given it all the time could. I made up my mind.

Grat: Do you know what they'll d when they catch you?

Arly: They won't catch me!

Grat: Oh, they'll get you all right If they don't grab you getting o that bus, it'll be the next one, or th next one. You'll always be waitin for it. And they never stop lookin never. You won't be A.W.O.L. you'll be a criminal. Do you know what happens when they catc you?

Arly: The stockade, I guess.

Grat: Right! Unless there's still war on, then they'll ship you off t fight. You won't get away!

Arly: Yes, I will. They'll never fin me.

Grat: You can run and hide for th rest of your life.

Arly: So, I'll run!

Grat: Hear yourself, boy! Don you have any pride?

Arly: Sir, I've made my decision. accept it. I thank you for you concern, but it's my decision. No I'm more sure of it. I'm going to wa down the street. Good-bye. (*h turns to walk stage left*)

Grat: Arly, wait! (*Arly turn around*) If I had my life to live ov I'd do what you're doin'.

Arly: But you just said...

Grat: Set down. I wish I'd had th sense to run. I couldn't take it, an

broke me. When I came home, ney thought I was a hero. I didn't, I idn't want praise, it made me che. I couldn't work. I couldn't ook at my wife and kids without inking of the men I'd killed. I'm orthless now. I have been ever ince. I ran from my family, left m, like that. I ran and ran, never oked back, never wrote. There asn't anything else I could do. ow look at me—worthless. An old owboy. I can't get rid of all this uilt. I didn't feel like I was killing eople then, not till later. Now I

"Either way, you'll be running from the army or from your own head. You gotta live with yourself."

nderstand. There was this big lack man, worked with me in the laughter house when I was a kid. le used to stand up on the block, winging a sledge, crushing the kulls of the cattle, just like a nachine. Never saw a thing. But fter work when he'd walk past the ens with the new calves, he'd cry. Ve used to watch him and laugh. low I understand. I still cry. (*he ubs back his hair*) That's the idea f the army, turn you into a hachine. And it works for awhile. *he hangs his head over*)

Arly: Thank you, Grat, thank you. I thought I was a freak. Most of the guys believe there are times when you've got to fight for your country in war. I'll fight for my country, but not when it means killing others.

Grat: Well, I'm glad you're sure.

Arly: I know I am. I know it's right for me.

Grat: Right or wrong, just so you're sure. Either way, boy, you'll be runnin' from the army or from your own head. I kinda think it'll be easier to run from Uncle Sam. You gotta live with yourself.

Arly: I know it's wrong to run, but it'd be more wrong for me to kill.

Grat: Bus'll be along anytime now. You're in for a hot dusty ride. Go get yourself a soda. Tell Jack to put it on my bill.

Arly: Thank you, sir. I'll be right back. If a bus comes, you'll hold it?

Grat: Sure, sure, get along now. (*as Arly walks off stage left, a man dressed as an M.P. enters stage right*)

M.P.: Well, Grat, got anything for me? Saw you talkin' to a little soldier boy. Where'd he go?

Grat: Get a soda.

M.P.: Guess I'll wait and get him when he gets on the bus. These boys'll never learn. They think they can get away.

Grat: Don't waste your time on that one, he's got a pass.

M.P.: A good one?

Grat: Yep. Special leave to Dallas, his mother just died. Poor kid, he's all broke up, talked my ear off. Guess the strain, the high-strung type.

M.P.: Well, if you checked it out then I won't have to. Thanks a lot,

buddy. That'll give me time to get a drink. Wanna join me?

Grat: No, I'll wait till the kid gets back, put him on the bus. Don't want him to fall apart all over. I'll come look for you afterwards. (*M.P. turns, walks off stage right, Grat stands up, watches him go. Rubs back his hair, shaking. Arly enters stage left holding two soda bottles*)

Arly: Here, Grat, thought you want one, too. (*hands Grat bottl*

Grat: That's thoughtful. Thank son. (*Grat puts his arm arou Arly's shoulder, turns him ba around stage left*) Let's go wait f your bus down the street, there's spot of shade to rest in. (*They wa off, stage left as the lights fade, t curtain falls*)

Untitled

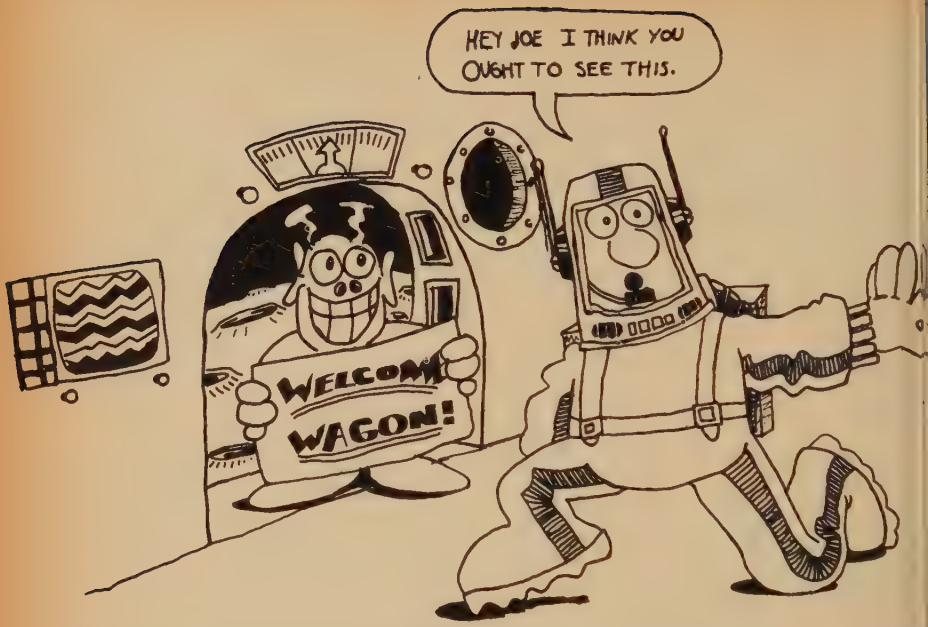
LISA BROBERG

I fear
to tell you how I feel,
because
I am afraid
of your rejection.
I fear
to say what I mean
because
I am afraid of
your misinterpretation.
I fear
to act as I feel
because
I am afraid of
your reaction.
Do you suppose
that if I
fear less,
Things will happen?

AMEN
AUREN TERRY

he wind talked to the dew-
covered branches;
e sun kissed the
uncontrollable sky;
e mountains touched the stairway to heaven—
and he died.

MERICAN BEAUTY
HOTOGRAPH
YNTHIA TINSLEY



Spaced Out
PEN AND INK
WALTER WILSON

Waitressing
SANDEE HOSKINS

According to a recent survey, waitressing is the most nerve-wracking job there is. Believable? Yes, very! Let me tell you why.

A family of four comes in with two screaming kids and angry parents. Quickly filling a tray with water glasses and coffee cups, I hurry out to the table with a charming smile.

"You sure have a long waitin line here! We're in a hurry, yo know," the father graciously greet me.

I can already tell this is going t be a fun time. (Everyone knows it the waitress' fault that the waitin line is long.)

I quickly place the water glasse on the table and ask the adults

hey want coffee. They don't, so I smile and say, "I'll be back shortly o take your order."

"We're ready to order now," the mother informs me, "We're in a hurry."

I quietly tell her, "I'm not ready to take your order, lady! I've got food o take out to two tables, three malts to make, one order to write up, and a new table of eight people have just sat down in my station!"

"Alright," I smile (or shall I say grimace?).

The father immediately demands BBQ ribs which we are naturally out of. He sputters a few obscene words over that, and finally decides on a top sirloin. Next, his charming wife decides to overuse her woman's prerogative by choosing everything on the menu seven times. Finally she decides on an Apple Pannekoeken because "it's fun to watch the waitresses run!" Yes, what could be more fun?

A pannekoeken is a large, oven-baked pancake, which must be run out to the customers before it deflates. They're quite hazardous to a waitress' health.

I know one waitress who tripped with a pannekoeken and it nearly landed on a bald man's head. I know another one who fell as she was running. Luckily, she didn't get hurt but the plate landed on top of the booth with the pannekoeken landing underneath the booth! I must admit that I've been lucky, I have dropped only one—but I was running too fast to stop and so I had to jump over it!

Now it's the children's turn to order. Mommy wants them to order from the "Little People's Menu" but they want shrimp which isn't included on it. From the look she gives me, I realize that this, too, must be the waitress' fault. After a ten-minute, heated discussion among members of the family, and four less fingernails on my hand, they decide that hamburgers would be "alright."

I shouldn't complain, though. I've had worse tables than this. The fun ones are the groups that come in at two in the morning after an evening at the bar. These can be classified into three groups—friendly, unfriendly, and sleepy.

The friendly ones are those who tell me they won't give me a tip unless I give them a kiss! (I'm not that hard-up for a quarter.) Or, when I ask what meat they want on their breakfast, they say, "You." (Cute!) Oh, and then there's the guy who asks me out. On the napkin he leaves his phone number and writes, "I'll bring the popcorn." (Who could refuse such an offer?)

I think the unfriendly ones are suffering from a guilt complex or from drinking too much and so they decide to take it out on the waitress. There's the lady who makes sure I won't forget anything. (My mind is probably a lot clearer than hers!) Naturally these are the people who get "bad" food.

"The eggs are too hard or too soft, the bacon is too crisp or too greasy, the coffee's too strong and the pickles are too sour."

Of course, we can't forget the sleepers! My two questions to them are: Isn't a bed more comfortable than a table? How does one politely

wake up a man sprawled over the booth when his food arrives? I have solved the last question—not too politely, however. After saying "Your food is here, sir," six times, I slam the syrup jar on the table. (Works everytime!)

Well, at last their food arrives! The pannekoeken takes an extra five minutes, much to all of our dismay, but at last I prayerfully run it out.

"It's flat!" she moans. "How come you didn't get it out sooner so I could see it fall?"

I'd like to say that if I ran any faster, I'd trip over her kid sitting in the aisle, but I merely apologize and silently chalk it up as another of the waitress' many faults.

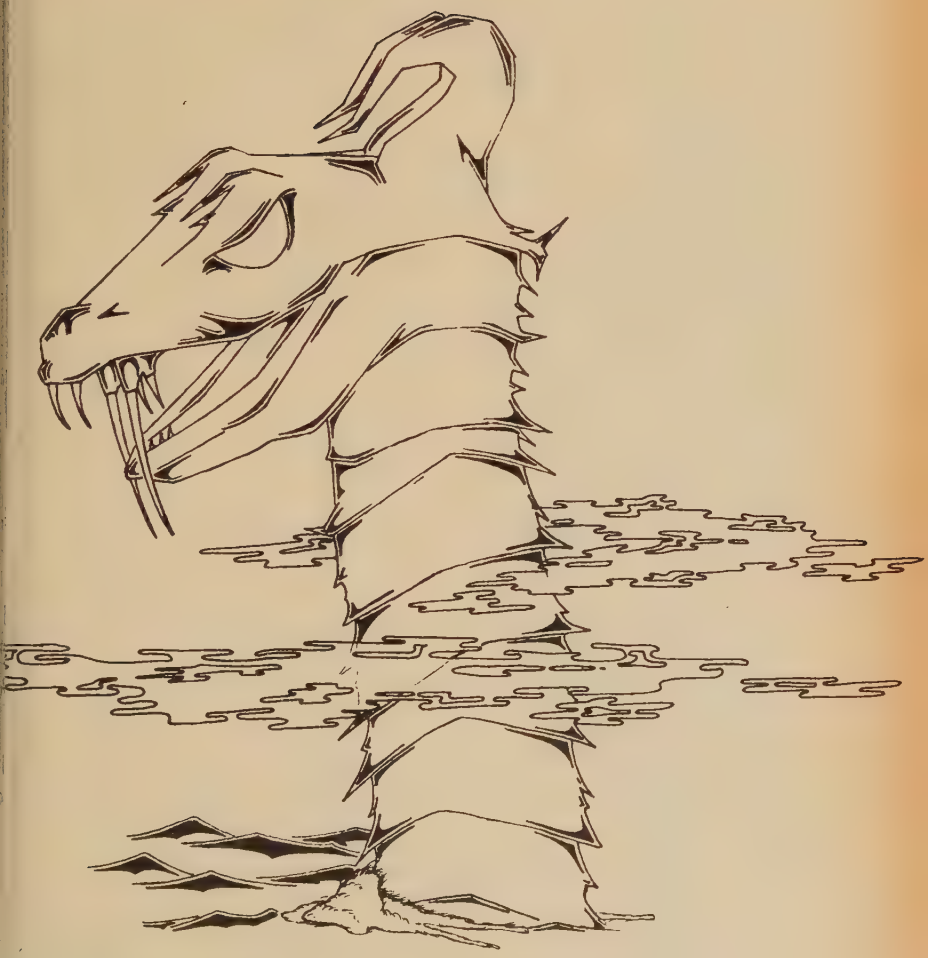
When they have finally finished their meal, I clear their empty dishes and foolishly ask if everything was okay. Pops says his steak was too rare and tasted terrible. (But somehow he managed to eat it all.)

As they get up to leave, I glance at the bare table with no change on it.

The man smiles, "I don't believe in tipping."

"That's okay sir," I smile back. "You didn't seem like the type. Have a nice evening." □

LIZ
PENCIL
MIKE COCHIN



UNTITLED
EN AND INK
BILL BOOKER

The Second-Hand Smile
ELIZABETH MINERVA

I look at him
and see a faded smile on his lips
given to someone else
I smile and call his name
but all I get is a second-hand smile
given to someone else

He walks on, blind to me
and I stop smiling
as I wonder
who is she?

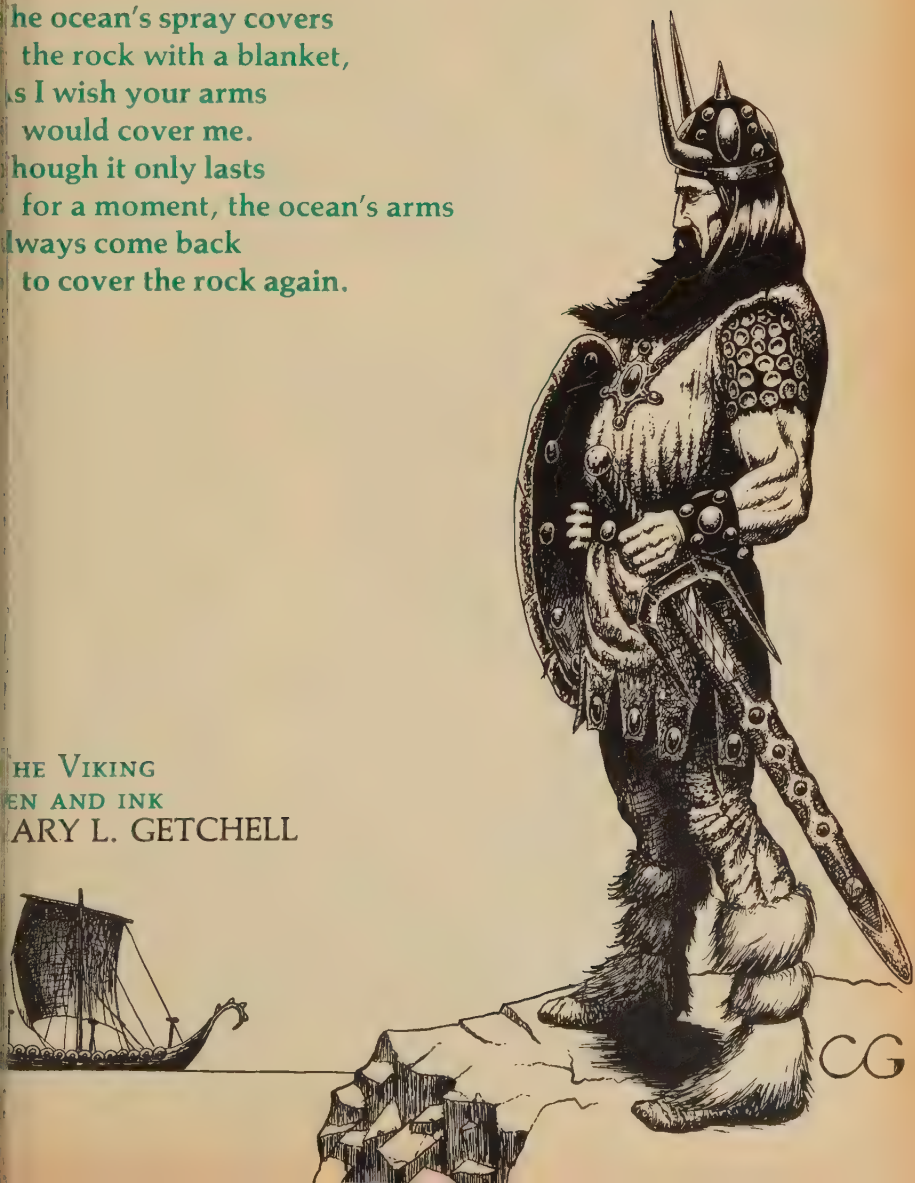
When You're Away
KATRINA REYNOLDS

When you're away, I'm restless, lonely,
wretched, bored, dejected; only
here's the rub, my darling dear,
I feel the same when you are near.

ack On The Island
AREN LEOTA DORR

he ocean's spray covers
the rock with a blanket,
s I wish your arms
would cover me.
hough it only lasts
for a moment, the ocean's arms
lways come back
to cover the rock again.

he Viking
EN AND INK
ARY L. GETCHELL



GEOMETRY

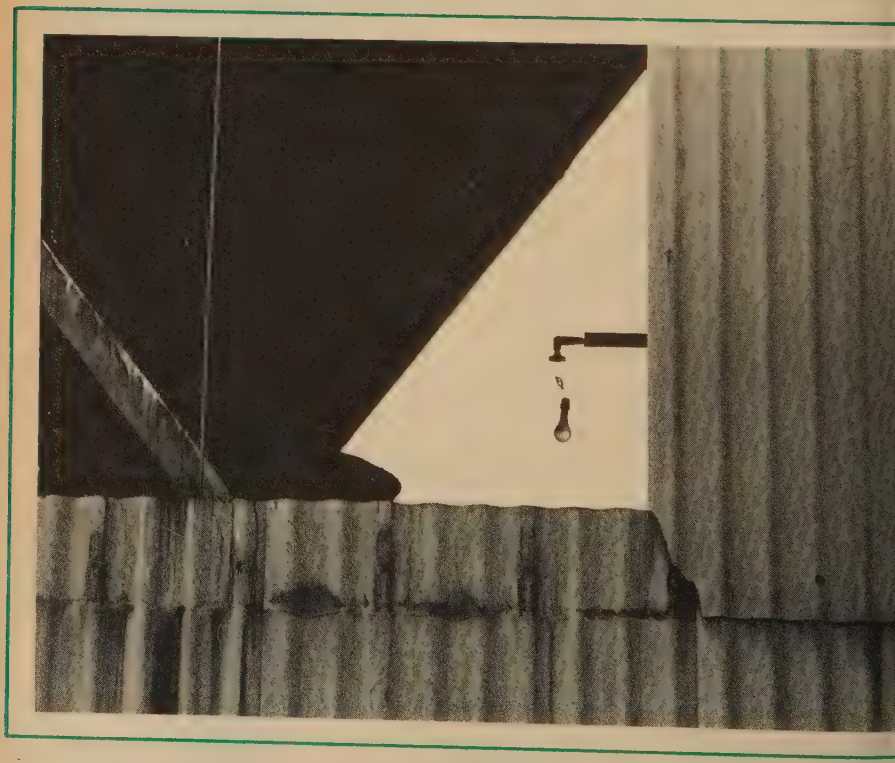
A PORTFOLIO OF PHOTOGRAPHS B

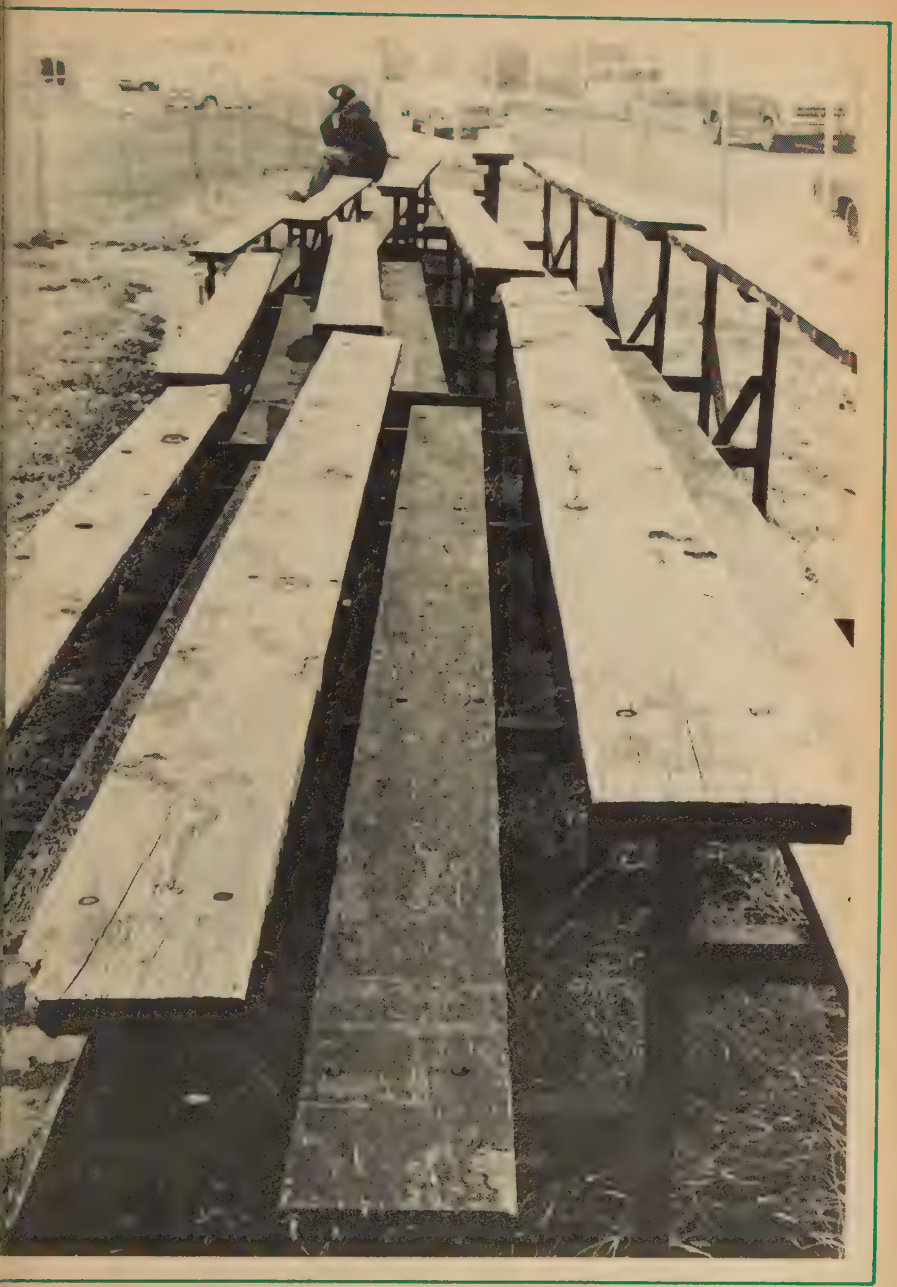
CAROL ROBINSON

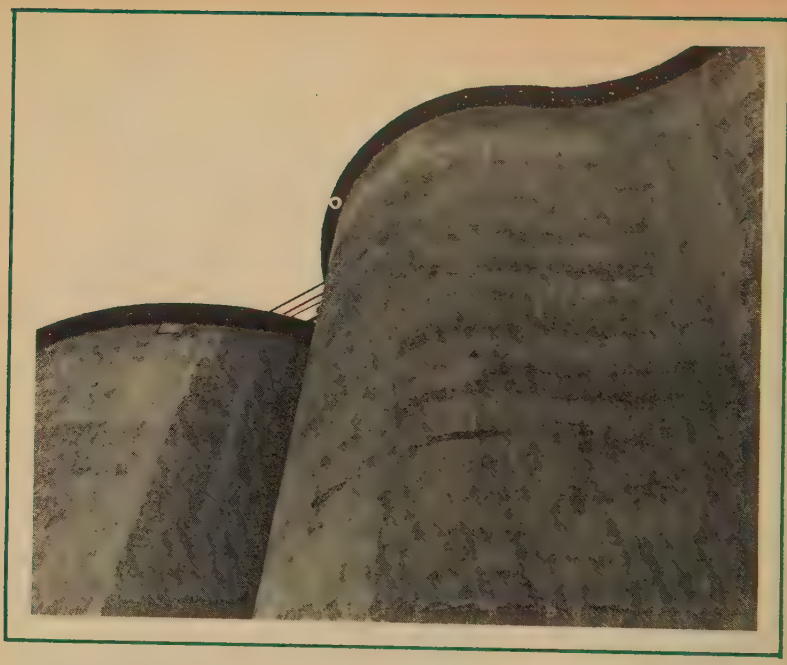
We think Carol Robinson, 16, of Ambler, PA, is a very talented young woman. For this reason, we want you to take a look at a special assignment she did for us this year.

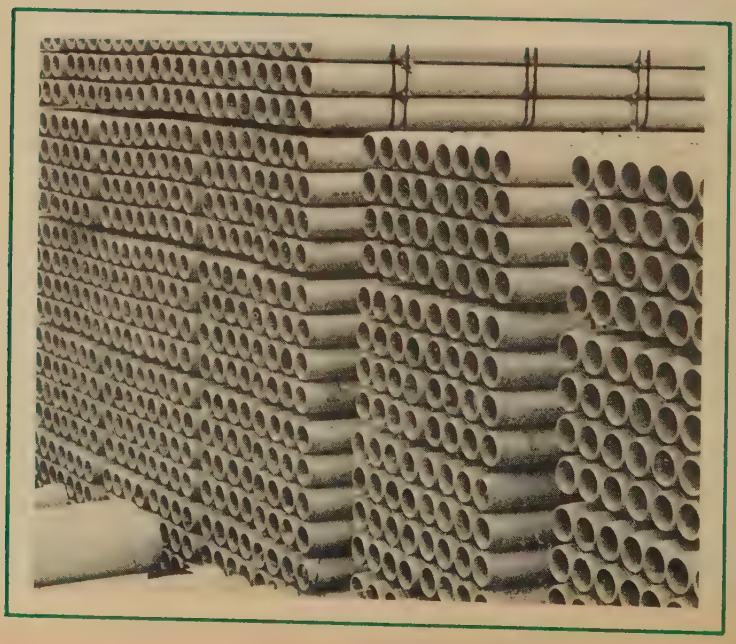
Carol was a Creative Arts winner in 1977 and 1978. Her photographs showed a technical skill and artist touch beyond her years. Followi is a photo essay that confirms o original impression of Carol's wor

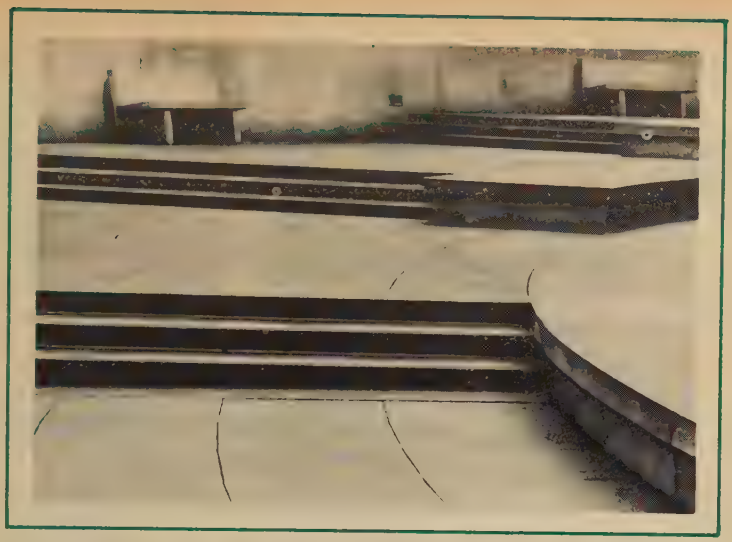
We salute you, Carol, for yo unusual ability to see life throug the lens of a camera!











CAROL ROBINSON

CAROL ROBINSON

47

BILL BOOKER, 15
Cocoa Beach, FL
"Untitled"
As I draw I find myself caught up in my drawings and unable to concentrate on anything else. I want to expand my talents as far as I can so that I can express myself better and so that I can use this talent from God to its fullest.

42

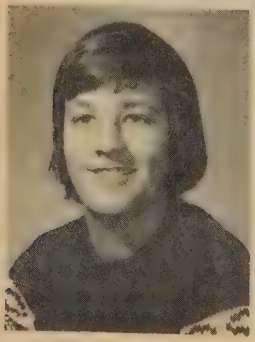
LISA BROBERG, 19
Athens, MI
"Untitled"

46

MIKE COCHIN, 15
Bethel Park, PA
"Liz"
I like drawing goofy characters. I do a lot of drawing and doodling in school and in my spare time.

1

CARLA COOK, 17
Englewood, CO
"Reflections"
When I express my creativity I get a feeling of satisfaction in myself. I look at something and get a sort of mood or character feeling about it and draw it to look that mood. I try and blend my feelings, intellect, humor, and wit onto the paper with careful study and consideration of the plant. I guess it's just like I always hear "An expression of oneself to be shared with others."



MIKE COCHIN

9

KATHY deFUNIAK, 17
Hinsdale, IL
"Untitled"
Because art in any form is an expression of a person's individuality, art will always be important in our society. Natural human feelings of competition inspire ever greater achievements in this field. Art introduces new ideas to society. Art can be protest or praise. It can point out injustice or form solutions.

49

CAREN LEOTA DORR, 18
Southwest Harbor, ME
"Back on the Island"
Writing has always been my way of expressing myself, my good and bad feelings and a way to communicate easily with people who are close to me. Whenever I write I open up a little more of myself. Someday I'd like to get a few books of my works copyrighted and give them to a few friends. What can I say, it's a great way to express myself.

CARLA COOK

KATHY deFUNIAK

BILL BOOKER

GSTALDER

GEORGIA SUE HALL

CORINNE GREINER

19

CORINNE GREINER, 18
Palos Verdes Estates, CA
"The June Bugs"
Oscar W. Firkins says, "Much that is repulsive when alone becomes beautiful in its relation. To find the enobling relation is the task of life and of art." To be a writer is to experience the torment which accompanies the search for the "enobling relation." The mere experience of writing has become "the task" of my life and art. Tolstoi said that "life is in labor" and thus is my life redefined and made "beautiful in its relation" through my "task" of writing. To me, being a writer is being alive.

' L. GETCHELL

9

JULIA GARBUS, 14
Lincoln, MA
"Math"
Creativity helps sort out one's feelings and it benefits society, too. Life without imagination would be unthinkable—impossible. Creativity is truly what helps us survive, both individually and as a society.

49

CARY L. GETCHELL, 18
Old Lyme, CT
"The Viking"
Upon graduation I am considering the lofty lifestyle of a fine artist in which to transfer the figments of my imagination onto canvas reality but if faced with imminent starvation more commercial outlets seem interesting such as comics, cartoons, and book covers.

4

LISA GSTALDER, 19
Eden Prairie, MN
"Lisa"
Ever since I was little, my mother encouraged me to be creative. Instead of giving me a coloring book for my birthday, she gave me a pad of blank paper and 16 crayola crayons. I believe that this influence during my childhood has stayed with me even to this day.

3

WILMA A. GUILLIAMS, 17
Greencastle, IN
"Preparations"

12

GEORGIA SUE HALL, 19
Uniondale, NY
"To Jennifer: Wherever You Are"

THOMAS HESS

SANDEE HOSKINS

LOWELL HALVORSON

18

THOMAS HESS, 17
Lombard, IL
"A Summer's Day"
In order for a photograph to be really good, it must say something of the photographer. I try to make a statement in my photos and you may be able to understand a little about me through my photographs.

44

SANDEE HOSKINS, 18
Fridley, MN
"Waitressing"
I loved writing ten years ago and I still love it today. It is a useful outlet for me to express thoughts and ideas that do not always come orally. I believe it is a gift from God and I want to use it for God's glory.

DEEDRA HUMISTON

13

LOWELL HALVORSON, 17
Meridian, MS
"Future"
The Big Shot is the photographer's dream. Overpowering and awesome, it captures the essence of War, Love, and the American Way. It is never planned, but can be expected in enough time to prepare for it. Common events are commonly ignored but people develop their lives through them. Thus, Big Shots focus on little things.

16

DEEDRA HUMISTON, 16
Arkansas City, KS
"Disco"
My drawing is important to me. It is a way of escaping pressure and at the same time creating something that people today can associate with.

12

ELANIE KENNEDY, 16
reeport, ME
Grampa"

oetry is medicine for my
ind. I'm a very emotional
erson and I must write down
hat I feel, or otherwise, I
now that my brain would
xplode. . . and I cannot stand
he thought of bursting brain
ells!

16

AURA KORTZ, 16
nion, NJ
o my mother who said
ll me how you feel!"

got into poetry in the seventh
ade, thanks to a great teacher
ho thought creative writing
ry important. Life is a poem
nd it is beautiful. I think
veryone has poetry in them,
ut unfortunately most young
eople are never taught
elf-expression. Their voices
e muffled by teachers,
arents, even friends, who
link they have nothing
orthwhile to say, or just do
ot care. I love poetry and I
ope that as I grow and
hange, the beauty of that will
e reflected in whatever I write.

17

A-SYN LEE, 18
olumbus, OH
Hair"

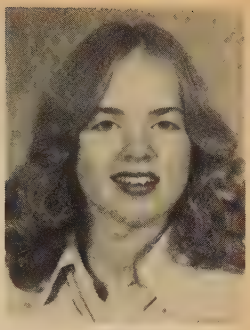
write of that which I already
now. I learn and grow, not so
uch through introspection,
ut primarily through
teraction with other people.
nen, I reflect upon these
xperiences and observations.
ketching or writing serve as
vo of the many diversionary
ctics I employ to avoid finally
pening the textbooks and
arting homework. When I am
ustrated enough with my
ability to find just the right
ord, I am ready to tackle the
ore concrete problems of
olecular orbital bonding,
olarization, respiratory rate of
oldfish, and Fourier series.

YA-SYN LEE

13

PATRICIA LIEFERT, 15
Roseville, MN
"Two Parts Love"

The desire to create is instinctive to all. Creative writing comes when people wish to shape and clarify their own thoughts, to share them with others, or to put them in physical form for generations to come. I myself enjoy the challenge and reward of creating something worth reading. It is a very big challenge for me to take some of my random thoughts and give them shape in a story or poem.



PATRICIA LIEFERT

MELANIE KENNEDY

24

LYNN LINTON, 19
North Huntingdon, PA
"A Moment of Solitude"
Art to me is an expression of the feelings that I have inside me at any particular moment or over a period of time. Art is essential to society as a means of communication among people, while contributing to God's already existing works of art.

11

BRUCE LONG, 17
Pittsburgh, PA
"The Old Porch Swing"

48

ELIZABETH MINERVA, 15
Tallahassee, FL
"The Second-Hand Smile"
Perpetually there is a story of poem in my mind, pleading to be written down. Usually I'm inspired—curiously but true—in the shower. Hopefully when I graduate from high school, I'll be a better writer. Look for books by Elizabeth Minerva in a few years!

37

ANNE NEDLIK, 17
Bethel Park, PA
"A Death in the Family"
I am fascinated by language and I love to experiment with all types of creative writing. My work is an outlet to express my feelings. I find it easiest to express myself in unstructured poetry and prose.

5

MARTHA ANN OVERLAND, 18
Gig Harbor, WA
"White Wicker"
Humanity has always declared a desire for immortality; through art this idea is not only expressed but attempted. In our art work, the very reason for living—making our life meaningful—is expressed. Art is the means of talking with our hands and minds long after death, allowing dying to become slightly more bearable. In our art, we interpret rather than imitate. We express and create, not to reflect the external world, but rather the inward significance of life. Out of the wood and stone, marble and clay, pen and paper, humanity seeks to perpetuate the spirit of truth of the reality and the dream of human time on this planet.

LYNN LINTON

MARTHA ANN OVERLAND

ANNE NEDLIK

ELIZABETH MINERVA

LAUREN TERRY

KATHERINE SMITH

THOMPSON

10

SANDRA TENNYSON, 16
Fullerton, CA
"Grandma"

43

LAUREN TERRY, 16
Beverly, MA
"Amen"
Creativity is something that everyone owns in their own special way. It is born of emotion. Creativity is a friend. When you're down or happy or mad, it emerges and takes care of or helps you express your feelings. I think it takes a certain event or special person to allow one to realize their talent and benefit from it. Enid, a special friend, helped me to use and understand my hidden creativity. My words make it easier for me to deal with my feelings.

UCE PETERSON

7

BRUCE PETERSON, 17
Sturgeon Bay, WI
"My Dream"
I was introduced to creative writing in my English class. Once I learned the basics, I enjoyed using my imagination to expand on a story about my personal interests.

48

KATRINA REYNOLDS, 15
Cheverly, MD
"When You're Away"

37

KATHERINE SMITH, 19
Fremont, NB
"Unlocking the Future"
I am a private in the U.S. Army Reserves with my assigned skill training in the field of drafting maps. I intend to teach high school art in the future, so that I will have a chance to encourage the promising artists of the next generation.

17

JERALD THOMPSON, 17
Trenton, NJ
"Miracle"
Whatever I write, I feel it's a need—a necessity. Writing sets loose 99% of all the energy I generate within my imagination. It gives me a chance to find out who I really am, as well as who and what everyone out there is like. I love it, and as long as my hands are connected to my body, I'm going to write!

PATTI TUCKER

CYNTHIA TINSLEY

RENE VINCENT

WALTER WILSON

43

CYNTHIA TINSLEY, 16
Panama City, FL
"American Beauty"
I try to capture all the beauties of nature in my photographs. I just hope that other people enjoy my photos as much as I like taking them.

23

PATTI TUCKER, 15
Afton, NY
"God"
Most of my poems (even the longest of 20 lines) take only five to ten minutes to write. My ideas come fast so I have to write fast. My writing is an escape for me and an outlet of my emotions and dreams. It's the best way I know how to express myself, next to being there.

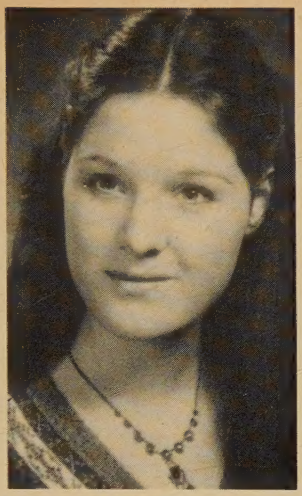
23

RENE VINCENT, 18
Bettendorf, IA
"Bufoniadae Vulgaris"
My interest in photography comes from my father. My 4 photography project keeps busy, plus taking pictures f our local newspaper, *River Pilot*. I like the sense of capturing one fraction of a second of time and keeping to look at and remember fo years.

44

WALTER WILSON, 17
New London, CT
"Spaced Out"
Humor makes strangers int friends and brings friends closer. A witty remark or jo can relieve tension in almo any situation, because a sr warms the heart of both th smiler and the smilee (smilee?). I guess these cartoons are an attempt to warm a few hearts and to t people for some smiles I've been given.

RA WROCKLAGE, 19
eld, OH
ving in Stereo"
creating an experience in
y or prose, you must be
both to relive the moment
happened with all the
ions it produced and to
d back objectively from it,
ng some sort of statement
t it.



LAURA WROCKLAGE

RYL L. YOUNG, 17
ord, NH
lection"
ry entails the bare
ions of the
idual—loneliness,
tion, accomplishment,
and love, and brings them
so that the pain or thrill of
is written is truly felt.
ugh poetry, I can bring out
nd no one ever knows.

CHERYL L. YOUNG

MOND YU, 16
nton, MA
ic Flight"
not only the way of
essing myself but also a
of communicating with
s. Art is a gift from God.
is why there is FHG under
gnature. It stands for "for
ory."

ALAN ZIMMERMAN

N ZIMMERMAN, 19
meadow, MA
t Snow"

ND YU

Reflection
CHERYL L. YOUNG

sometimes, i wonder
if You see me
or, maybe
i am
a looking glass
and in me
You see You
i don't know
it's hard to
imagine
that, actually
i am not here,
but
invisible
if i could
look out
of your eyes
into the world,
would i see
me?

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